

A  
CHARACTER  
OF A  
DIURNAL-MAKER

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By J. C.

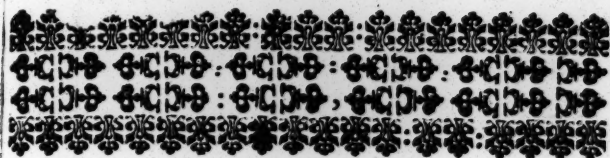
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THE  
 CHARACTER  
 OF A  
 DIURNAL-MAKER.

 *DIURNAL-Maker* is the Sub-almoner of History, Queene *Mabbs* Register; one, whom by the same figure that a North-Country Pedler is a Merchant-man, you may style an Author: It is the like over-reach of language, when every thin rinder-cloaked Quack must be call'd a  
 ¶ 2 . Doctor;

Doctor ; when a Clumsy Cöbler  
 usurps the attribute of our English  
 Peeres, and is vamp'd a Translator,  
 list him a Writer and you smother  
*Geoffry* in swabber-flops , the very  
 name of *Dabbler* over-sets him, he is  
 swallowed up in the praise like Sir  
*Samuel Luke* in a great Saddle, no-  
 thing to be seene but the giddy Fea-  
 ther in his Crowne. They call him a  
*Mercury*, but he becomes the Epi-  
 thet; like the little *Nergo* mounted  
 on the Elephant, just such another  
 blot-rampant. He has not stuffings  
 sufficient for the reproach of a Scri-  
 bler, but it hangs about him like an  
 old-wives skin, when the flesh hath  
 forsaken her, lank and loose. Hee  
 defames a good title as well as most  
 of our moderne Noble-men, those  
 Wennes of greatnesse, the body po-  
 liticks most peccant humours, blistered  
 into Lords. Hee hath so raw-bon'd  
 a Being

a Being, that however you render  
 him, he rubbes it out, and makes  
 ragges of the expreffion. The silly  
 Country-man ( who seeing an Ape  
 in a scarlet coat, blest his young wor-  
 ship, and gave his Landlord joy of  
 the hopes of his house ) did not slan-  
 der his Complement with worse ap-  
 plication, than he that names this  
 shred an Historian. To call him an  
 Historian, is to Knight a Man-drake,  
 'tis to view him through a prespe-  
 ctive, and by that grosse Hyperbole to  
 give the reputation of an Engineer, to  
 a maker of Mouse-traps. Such an Hi-  
 storian would hardly pass muster with  
 a Scotch Stationer in a sieve full of  
 Ballads and godly Books. He would  
 not serve for the breast plate of a  
 begging Græcian. The most cramped  
*Compendium* that the age hath seene  
 since all learning was torne into ends,  
 out-strips him by the head : I have  
 heard

heard of puppets that could prattle in a Play, but never saw of their writings before. There goes a report of the *Holland* women, that together with their children, they are delivered of a Sooterkin ; not unlike to a Rat, which some imagine to be the Off-spring of the Stoooves : I know not what *ignis fatuus* adulterates the Presse, but it seemes much after that fashion, else how could this Vermin think to be a Twin to a legitimate Writer, when those weekly fragments shall passe for History ? let the poore mans box be entituled the Exchequer, and the almes-basket a Magazine. Not a worme that gnaws on the dull scalpe of voluminous *Hollinsbed*, but at every meale devoured more Cronicle, than his Tribe amounts to. A marginall note of *William Prinne* would serve for a winding sheet for that mans workes,  
like

like thick skinn'd fruits are all rinde,  
 fit for nothing but the Authors fate,  
 to be pared in a Pillory.

The Cooke , who serv'd up the  
 Dwarf in a Pye, ( to containe the fro-  
 lique ) might have lapp'd up such an  
 Historian as this in the bill of fate.  
 He is the first tincture and rudiment  
 of a Writer, dipt as yet in the prepa-  
 rative blew, like an Almanack well-  
 willer. He is the *Cadet* of a Pam-  
 phleteere, the *Pedee* of a Romancer.  
 He is the *Embrio* of a History, slink'd  
 before maturity. How should hee  
 record the issues of time, who is him-  
 selfe an Abortive ? I will not say  
 but he may pass for a historian in *Ger-  
 biers* Academy, he is much of size  
 of those knot-grasse Professors ;  
 What a pitifull Seminary was there  
 projected yet suitable enough to  
 the present University's, those drye  
 Nurses which the providence of the



age has so fully reform'd that they are turn'd Reformados. But that's no matter, the meaner the better. It is a maxime observable in these dayes, that the onely way to win the game is to play *petty Johns*. Of this number is the Esquire of the quill; for he hath the grudging of History, and some yawnings accordingly: Writing is a disease in him, and holds like a quotidian, so 'tis his infirmity that makes him an Author. As *Mahomet* was beholding to the falling-sicknesse to vouch him a *Prophet*. That nice Artificer, who filed a chaine so thinne and light that a flea could traile it, (as if he had worked short hand, and taught his tooles to cipher) did but contrive an Embleme for this skip-jack, and his slight productions.

Merthinks the *Turk* should licence Diurnals, because he prohibits learning and books. A Library of Diurnals



nals is a wardrobe of frippery, 'tis a  
 just Idea of a Limbo of the Infants. I  
 saw one once that could write with  
 his toes, by the same token I could  
 have wished he had worne his copies  
 for socks, 'tis he without doubt from  
 whom the Diurnals derive their pe-  
 degree, and they have a birth-right  
 accordingly, being shuffled out at the  
 beds feet of History. To what infi-  
 nite numbers an Historian would mul-  
 tiply, should he crumble into Elves  
 of this profession ? *Legion'd Pimpe*,  
 whose flesh bred such a world of Exe-  
 cutors, as being made of the row of a  
 Herring, of nothing else but compa-  
 cted Nits, did not disband his body in  
 more variety. To supply this smalness  
 they are fain to joyn forces, so they are  
 not singly, but as the custome is in a  
 croaking Committee ; they tug at the  
 Pen, like slaves at the Oare, a whole  
 bank together, they write in the po-  
 sture

sture that the *Swedes* gave fire in, over one anothers heads. It is said there is more of them go to a suit of Cloaths, than to a *Britannicus* ; In this Poligamy the Cloats breed, and cannot determine whose issue is lawfully begotten.

And here I think it were not amisse to take a particular how he is accounted, and so do by him, as he in his *Siquis* for the wall-ey'd mare, or the crop fleabitten ; give you the narkes of the Beast. I begin with his head, which is ever in the Clours, as if the night-cap should make *Affidabit*, that the braine was pregnant. To what purpose doth the *Pia Mater* lye in so dully, in her white formallityes, sure she hath hard labour ; for the browes have squeezed for it, as you may perceive by his butter'd bon-grace, that film of a dimicaster, 'tis so thin and unctuous, that the Sun-beams

beams mistake it for a vapour, and are like to cap him; so 'tis right *Heliotrope*, it creaks in the shine, and flaps in the shade, What ever it be, I wish it were able to call in his eares; there's no proportion betwixt that head and appurtenances; those of all Lungs are no more fit for that small Noddle of the circumcision, than brasse bosses for a *Geneva Bible*. In what a puzling newtrality is the poor soule that moves betwixt two such ponderous byasses. His collar is wedged with a peece of peeping linnen, by which he means a *band*, 'tis the forlorne of his shirt crawling out of his neck, indeed it were time that his shirt were jogging, for it has serv'd an apprenticeship and (as prentices use) it ha h learned his trade too, to which effect 'tis marching to the Paper Mill, and the next week sers up for it selfe in the shape of a *Pamphle*. His *gloves* are the shavings of

of his hands, for he casts his skin like a cancelled parchment, the itch represents the broken seales. His Boores are the Legacies of two black Jacks, and till he pawn'd the silver that the Jacks were tipt with, it was a pretty mode of boot-hose-tops. For the rest of his habit, he is a perfect Seaman, a kind of Interpawlin, he being hang'd about with his course composition, those pole-dames papers.

But I must draw to an end, for every Character is an Anatomy Lecture, and it fares with me in this of the *Diurnall-maker*, as with him that reads on a begg'd Malefactor; my subject smels before I have gone halfe thorow him : for a parting blow, then, the word *Historian* imports a sage and solemn Author, one that cur's his brow with a fullein gravity, like a Bull-necked Presbiter, since  
the

the Army hath got him off his jurisdiction, who Presbyter-like sweeps his breast with a reverend beard, full of native mosse-troopers. Not such a squirting scribe as this that's troubled with the Rickets ; and makes penny worths of History. The Colledge-Treasury, that never had in bank above a *Harry* groat, shut up there in a melancholly solitude, like one that is kept to keepe possession, had as good evidence to shew for his title, as he for an Historian, so if hee needes will be a Historian, he is not cited in the *Sterling* accepti- on, but after the rate of blew caps reckoning, an Historian Scot. Now a Scotchmans tongue runnes high *Fullam's*, their is a Cheat in his Ideome ; for the sense ebbs from the bold expression, like the Citizens *Gallon*, which the drawer interprets but *halfe a pinte*. In summe,  
a Diur-

a *Diurnall*-maker is the antem<sup>ar</sup>k of  
 an Historian, he differs from him as  
 a Drill from a man or (if you had  
 rather have it in the Saints gibberish)  
 as a *Hinter* doth from a *Holder-  
 forth*.



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